



Poetic Stories, Tales In Prose, Where It's Going: Nobody Knows.



8 0 2

Chapter 1 by K.D. LOUISE

She's fat, babbling this and that, tattling like a rat - so just watch your back!

& that guy, he's always so mean. Hits, yells, throws things - won't say, "Sorry".

Beneath this place lies a small , secret base; guns and bombs are stacked in crates to soon shoot off another face, it is just such a waste...

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secret space inside which taking place are wars of hate weapons inside of crates waiting to shoot off someone's face.

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